

Tired, Weak, Nervous

Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Strength and Bodily Vigor.

The cause of that tired, weak, nervous condition, in which so many people find themselves, is the failure of the blood to properly nourish the nerves and tissues. Feed the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they will be steady and strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a blood purifier. It has taken more than once and an aching it now. I was tired, my body ached, and I felt very badly all over. I was afraid I would be sick. I thought I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I find that it is cheaper than the doctor's bills. Hood's Pills are the best I have ever taken, and I use no other. I am glad to have an opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. C. H. Venable, Kithsburg, Ill. Get only Hood's.

It Has Cured Me,
and I find that it is cheaper than the doctor's bills. Hood's Pills are the best I have ever taken, and I use no other. I am glad to have an opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. C. H. Venable, Kithsburg, Ill. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

glad to have an opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. C. H. Venable, Kithsburg, Ill. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 50c. per box.

RATES FOR CLERGYMEN.

A number of the eastern railroads having on January 1, 1905, changed their rules regarding the issue of reduced rates to clergymen, and unauthorized statements as to the reasons for making the change having been published, considerable correspondence between the clergy and the railroads has resulted. The recent letter from Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central, corrects certain erroneous impressions and states that company's position in the matter is very clearly. The letter is as follows:

New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Co., Grand Central Depot.
New York, January 10, 1905.
Rev. Station J. Gould and H. H. Stebbins, D. D., Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your letter of January 15th, enclosing the resolutions of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Rochester. The resolutions are based upon a misapprehension of the facts. The press dispatch announcing that the New York Central had withdrawn the ministerial half-rate tickets "because some of the ministers had abused the privilege, loaning their permits to unauthorized persons, and sometimes even selling them," was wholly unauthorized. No such information or notice was given to the press or to anyone else by any officer of this company. There was also an interview reported with me on this subject, making similar, if not more serious charges, but no such interview ever took place.

I deeply regret the publicity which was given to this matter and the discussion which has grown out of it. It is the best policy for this company and its associates in the Trunk Line Association to pursue. It had been developed that very great abuses existed in the issuance and use of the so-called ministerial ticket. It was not, however, the fault of the ministers. So far as I can ascertain, no clergyman of any church has been guilty of any impropriety in the use of this privilege. Like most departures from regular rules, this one led after awhile to serious demoralization of passenger rates. The privilege of the ministerial order became extended to all persons who had ever been ordained as clergymen, whether they still had any charge or performed any ministerial services or not. Many who had gone into business claimed and received the order. Then it was extended to missionaries and officers of the Salvation Army, of the Y. M. C. A., and of other religious or semi-religious organizations. This enabled railway officials who desired to do so to issue the half-rate ticket to almost anybody.

I am sorry to say that some railways do not treat their agreements with each other with the same sense of honorable obligation which the officers would observe in their individual transactions. We were amazed to discover that in order to increase their business without apparently cutting the rates a few of the roads placed the ministerial tickets in scalpers' offices for sale. In this way they came into the hands of the general public. It frequently occurred that the conductor, when calling upon some passenger whom he did not think was a minister to produce the ministerial order which every clergyman carried, was met by a flat refusal, simply because the passenger was not a minister, had no order and had received the ticket in some one of the ways which I have described. Or, the conductor would find that under the guise of a missionary or an officer of one of these organizations he had received the order and ticket or else had bought a ticket which some one who could not be vouched for as a clergyman with a charge had secured, and then placed in a scalper's office for sale.

Of course the essential principle at the bottom of the relations between the railways and the public is that everybody shall be treated alike; that the railway fare shall be like the postage of the government, the same to every one who boards the train and becomes a passenger between the same points. The wisdom of the prohibition of discrimination in favor of one person as against another, or of one locality as against another, is now universally admitted, and is incorporated in the railway laws.

The ministerial ticket was issued at a reduced rate, not as an act of charity, as some have alleged, but because it was believed that the clergy and the church performed an essential service which was felt throughout the vast employment of these corporations. Personally, I would be very glad if the privilege could be confined under restrictions which would confine it within legitimate bounds. You will see, however, from the explanations which I have given, how difficult a problem this is.

Yours very truly,
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
President.
Albany Argus.—Jan. 29, 1905.



THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

As she seemed to know, he said, absently: "I helped Mrs. de Restaud get to the railroad."
"I didn't need no telling," she answered, promptly. "I'm clean beat out. I never rode on an animal before of any sort or kind. I've got real rheumatic pains in my back and shoulders. It is hard for a woman at my age to have to gullivate over an unsettled country hunting a connection."
"Here are some cushions," said Dr. John, coming out, his arms full. "Those chairs are uncomfortable. Now, isn't that better?"

"Yes. I suppose I'll eat my meals off the mantel piece for a week. Now, you being old and settled like, why couldn't you have helped Minny like?"
"Because I was not here. Object to smoking?"

"No, land sakes, no; keep the skeeters off, if they be any that kin git a living up here."
"Now, this is cozy," continued the doctor, lighting his pipe. Oliver sat down near them. "You see, I was called off to a sick woman, and she died—poor soul!"

"Of what?" asked the newcomer, eagerly, all curiosity.
"I should say homesickness, if I told the truth, but I called it mountain fever. Well, she was dying, you know, and here, as Craig is sitting along over the fire, comes a little lady in a yellow silk gown (Mike told me, Craig; you needn't think you've been talking in your sleep). On her white neck are big ugly bruises, welts from a whip or on her arms, and the little dog she brings with her has been brutally kicked. She throws herself at Craig's feet, and begs him to save her—"

"You don't never tell me that evil little foreigner dared strike Minny Patten?" cried the old lady. "Oh, I'd like to git my hands on him! All her mother's fault—always taking up with strangers!"
"Any man would have helped her," said Oliver; then he went on and told what he did, and how he left her safely at the train; he omitted her eccentric farewell—possibly because he had forgotten it.

"The poor little bink," sobbed the old woman. "My dead brother's child; and what a man he was!—master of a ship at nineteen; and here's his Minny he idolized living in nowhere-land with a crazy Frenchman. I put up with him for months when I visited here, for her sake; but one day—the Patten's are all quick, on my mother's side I'm a Knox, and history tells what he was—and I slapped Henry right in the face like he'd been a young one. He set me out the door, and his man here my trunk after me. Back I had to ride in a springless wagon, and, gitting home, found things going to rack and ruin with the shiftless folks I left taking care of my house. I did advise Minny to stay, though, Mr. Oliver," she said, looking at him with her honest, kindly gaze. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, so I loved it was not duty; she'd made her bed and had to lie on it. You can't never tell me a

"Oh, I'd like to get my hands on him!"

girl is made to git married in this country, why in any way may be in France, an' Minny is awful frivolous. I ain't no liking for men that sympathize with young wives when they air young an' pretty."
"I should have dragged her back, to be killed the next time," Craig said, coldly.
She rose and held out her hand, wrinkled hand. "I think you done noble by her, Mr. Oliver; and though by your looks you seem to be one of them city bachelors that ain't no good moral characters, I know her own dead father couldn't have done kinder by her. How you rid them miles in that time I can't see, for that Warn an' me set out afore sun-up an' got to the Frenchman's fest turned five o'clock. Now, how much money did you give Minny to travel away?"

She took out an old leather wallet and began unwinding a strap that held it tight.
"I have no account. Wait until you hear from her."
"I am well-to-do, and Minny's all I've got to leave my property to; so that needn't worry you; and I don't like her being under obligations to strange men. How much did you loan her?"

Oliver looked confused. "I—I don't know; there might have been three hundred dollars in the roll—perhaps more."
"What?" almost screamed Aunt Hannah. "Heavens to Betsy; you and me will never set eyes on Minny Patten till every cent of that money is gone. She don't know the value o'n't. She never had none of her own to spend afore."

"I think she will use it to good advantage," smiled Oliver. "Besides, it is better she has plenty, as she seems to have missed you. How did that happen?"

"I've been away six weeks, visiting connections by marriage in Iowa, an' I was coming here to see how she was treated, for she ain't writ to me for 'most two months, an' he's mean enough to keep her from it. None of the neighbors knowed where I'd went, on account of their curiosity; I told 'em maybe Florida, an' boarded up the lower winders in my house."
"Well, the neighbors will take care of her," said the doctor, cheerily. "Here's Mike!"

"Patten—Hannah Patten."
"There's nothing for you to do but to accept o'n't hospitality—city bachelors live well, you know—and to mor-

row go down to Denver with us. Mr. Oliver probably has a letter from Mrs. Minny at his office waiting for him, as she promised to let him know if she got home safely."
"I believe I will, and thank you," said Miss Patten, beginning to smooth down her hair. "The smell of them fried onions struck me all in a heap, for I ain't eat since breakfast. My niece's husband not even offering me a chair to set on, let alone something to eat, and I've got a feeling of remorse that reminds me of one of Cap'n Sam's sea stories—Minny's father, you know—where a shipwrecked crew ate their boots and chewed sticks to keep 'em alive."
"You see," smiled Dr. John. "I was right about our humble vegetable. It appeals to every heart."
"And stomach," said Miss Patten, walking majestically to the house. "It mayn't be proper for me to stop here, but I guess our age protects us."
"Why, certainly," said Dr. John, meekly. "It's in the very air out here to do erratic things, but the neighbors in your town shall never know, I swear it."

CHAPTER V.

A week later Oliver's office boy, a freckled and red-headed youngster by the name of Sam, changed to Sam by the much-tried clerks, knocked and announced hoarsely: "Lady to see yer." He threw such meaning in the words, his bearing and manner were so full of dark mystery, Oliver almost expected Mrs. de Restaud, instead of Aunt Hannah. No letter had come from the little lady of the Troublesome, and that disconcerted showed the might almost of contact with her condemnation; it was certainly frivolous to neglect assuring her preserver of her safety. The doctor had been especially unpleasant about it. "You see," he would say, "I told you there were two sides to every story; and the Frenchman may have been a much-enduring man." The office boy dragged a chair near Oliver's desk, and with a significant look withdrew.

"It's either breach o' promise or some fellow wot's shamed her on a land deal," he said to the clerks as he shut the door carefully. "I guess there's meat in it, for the boss grinned when he see her."

"I hope you have good news, Miss Patten," Oliver said, eagerly.
"If no news is good," he answered, with a sigh. "I've heard from Mr. Perkins that keeps the depot, and he says she ain't been there at all, nor no word come. There wa'n't no mail for me, neither. I seen that woman at Colorado Springs. She says Minny got there all right, and she bought her a plaid ulster, a hat and some other things, and Minny and the dog went by train the next day, and Minny promised to write to her, but hadn't. The only one that knowed anything down here was the ticket seller, who remembered her and said he sold her a ticket for Chicago. She must have been afraid her husband would ask. He said lots of the conductors were discharged about that time, and that was why, most like, all I interviewed hadn't set eyes on her."

"Still, it is almost impossible for a girl to be lost traveling nowadays. She probably took elaborate precautions, for fear De Restaud would follow her; but if the dog went along she will be found easy enough."
"I am, as you folks say out here," said Miss Patten, grimly, "going on the trail, and shall watch out most for the dog, which I know she'll drag around with her. I don't doubt but I shall find her when that money's gone. Mr. Oliver, as I told you, she would not appear until it was all spent. I think it's my duty to pay you now."

"Don't you think it would be better to let her settle her own accounts? She must be taught the value of money some way; and when you find her if she is determined not to go back to her husband you should insist on it to make him account for her property. They told me up in the mountains he was getting rid of it rapidly."

"I ain't in general," sighed Miss Patten, "much liking for lavings; folks gits in jest as rats in a trap, and there ain't much of a property left when they git out—asking your pardon for being plain spoken, for I always speak my mind."

"You are a little severe on us," he laughed; "but I should be happy to advise you in any way, and to recommend a young lawyer I know here who would do well for you. Of course under the circumstances I myself could do nothing."

"I understand; and, Mr. Oliver, I'll apologize again. Till I see that woman to the springs I did half think you knowed where Minny was; the doctor's joking and your being a city bachelor, you know, so me ag'in you; but here's my hand in friendship, and I'll send you word if I find him."
"Thank you. I shall be glad to know she is safe, for sometimes I think I may have done wrong in helping her that night."

"You done right, Mr. Oliver; and if she should come to you again—as she might, having no sense of propriety—you telegraph me to Newcastle, Me., and send her straight home to me. I'm going to travel a bit afore I go home. On account of taking care of pa and ma in their old age, ain't seen much of the world. I calculate went to stop awhile in New York, for there was a Blinn there that married a Blake, and I'll board with her. Now remember, Mr. Oliver, she is a little young thing, and you're old enough, I take it, to be her father, and the world is a censorious place. She shan't go back to him, I'm resolved on that; and being a divorced woman is bad enough in the world, without giving nother reasons for talk."

"You can trust me," he said, soberly, and after she was gone he sat long in thought. He wanted the good opinion of that grim, honest old maid. She was as unbending as her own granite hills, as stern and bleak to a world of easy-goers. He imagined duty ruled her always; a wicked thought crept in then—how poorly duty had rewarded her mentally and physically angular and hard, ruled with an iron rod of conscience. Yet the soft little creature of curves and beauty like her—grateful niece knew nothing of conscience or duty, and the world loved them and gave them its best.

Sam, after a discreet knock, put in his head. "Perlice to see yer, sir," he said, breathlessly.
"What?"
"Perlice from city hall."

Oliver went hastily to the outer office. Could she be in their hands? What new horror was the Troublesome lady to endure? Or was this some freak of the Frenchman's? He was capable of a meaner deed than the clerks were looking sideways at the

brawny man in blue, but Sam gazed in open-mouthed admiration. Going to fires, he felt some days he must be a fireman; the longing was intense as engines sped by at lightning speed; but in a row or a deed of mystery how necessary the police, how high their positions, what chances for seeing things and driving the crowd, principally small boys, away!
"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the man, awkwardly, "but the old lady said you was to be sent for, as you could testify to the bad character of the man in charge."

"What old lady?" asked Oliver, sharply, much annoyed at the matter.
"Name Patten, I think—a big woman, considerable thin. She came from your office, she said, and had noticed for days a black looking man following her, and she sees him waiting for her in the street. So she strolls, careless like, towards the city hall, and right near she sees he's still after her, and she turns and grabs him and runs him in herself, as neat as any of the force could 'a done."

"You don't know the man?"
"His face ain't in the gallery, sir," as if in apology, "but it's black and ugly enough to be, I'll say that for him. She tumbled the man down the steps right in the chief's room, and he sent me here. She wanted the man arrested for a suspicious character; so the chief sent me to get your testimony."

"I'll go down at once," said Oliver, picking up his hat. "I fancy I know the man."

"I'll walk behind, sir," said the policeman, politely, "for seeing me walking with you in the direction of the lock-up your friends might think you was being run in."

At the station, as he suspected, Oliver saw the man, was Leonard De Restaud's servant, and black and ugly he was, swearing to himself in French, but refusing to answer any questions. Oliver had seen master and man the past few days in Denver, and knew he himself was under their surveillance. He told the chief that Miss Patten was justified in her proceeding; the man had a bad reputation in the North Park, and had certainly been acting in a suspicious manner; the past week he had seen him watching about the streets. The chief admitted the man was not handsome, might have acted oddly, but there must be some charge brought against him. Was the lady willing to go into court and swear she had fears of her life from this man Louis's hands?

"Me," said Miss Patten, majesticly, "afraid of that raskill? Not a mite. But I won't have him trailing me around, and if he perforce can't stop it my umbrella will do there! I won't go into no court-room for it, either."

"Suppose you search the man," said Oliver, smiling. "I will make a charge



AS NEAT AS ANY OF THE FORCE COULD DO.

against him of carrying concealed weapons.
Louis resisted, with frightful profanity, but the search was made, and the result was a loaded revolver and an ugly knife.
"A greaser outfit," said a stalwart policeman.
"You can keep him in jail a day or two on this charge," continued Oliver, "to give Miss Patten a chance to leave the city. I tell you on my own account, knowing the man up at my shooting-place, he is a dangerous character. I had an encounter with him once and found him an unpleasant person to deal with."

The exasperated Frenchman was led away breathing curses and defiance. In Oliver's gray eyes was a smile of malice that Louis well understood. He had paid up that rudeness and the accounts were squared. There would be a debt still when Louis was free again; the man who laughs last laughs best. Just now Oliver was decidedly amused.

"I'm obliged to you, perlice," said Miss Patten, rising and pinning her shawl, "but I don't want you to think as I was in any mortal fear of De Restaud's hired man. I wa'n't; for if I can't fight men with their own weapons of strength I can outwit 'em. Good-by, Mr. Oliver; I'm sorry my family has brought you so much trouble, but I calculate from now on you've heered the last of us."

As days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, without a word from Hannah Patten or her errand niece, Oliver felt the force of her remark. He was hurt and angry. At least they might have sent him word. De Restaud found his missing servant on the chain gang after two days' incarceration in the city bastille. The master blustered a good deal, but finally yielded to reason; certainly there was a law against a man's being a walking arsenal. Oliver, conscious that threatened men were long, went calmly about his business, often meeting De Restaud, but neither spoke.

Dr. John frequently discussed the whereabouts of the "Troublesome lady," as he always called her, but Oliver seldom spoke of her. If, however, a fluffy skye terror ran up to him in the street, he would look around eagerly, and sometimes a wave of color would flood his face, while his heart quickened. If something had happened to her on the long journey could he ever forgive himself? He owned, with a sense of anger, she was senselessly innocent and strangely familiar; no doubt she had told her story to everybody on the train who would listen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

So modest.
Edith—Do you know who was the prettiest girl at Mrs. Van Astor's reception?
Helen—You embarrass me! Must I answer?
N. Y. World.

PROF. EDMUND FREMY, who died in Paris several years ago, is the man who startled the world some years ago by his artificial production of rubies.

PLEASANT BITS.

"Who killed cock robin?" "I," said the sparrow. "Well, who hypnotized 'em?"—Detroit Tribune.
"Yes, Louie, I've begun to prepare for commencement already." "O, Nellie, how are you going to have it made up?" "Tell us all about it, that's a good girl."—N. Y. Recorder.
James—"Did Jones tell you about that predicament he got into the other day? I'd like to hear the story from his own lips." Baggs—"He won't tell it. He's too mean." Jags—"Yes; too mean to tell a joke at his own expense."—Truth.

"It's all very well to talk about issuing bonds of \$100 each," remarked Mr. Dabney. "but that is not the way to induce women to buy." "What would you advise?" asked Gaswell. "Let Secretary Carlisle advertise bonds at \$9.95, marked down from \$10."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.
"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, ain't it?" said Meandering Mike. "Of course it is," replied Plodding Pete. "Well, dat's de reason I don't accept no job from nobody. If I was workin' I might be tempted to get a strike. An' den see de trouble I'd be in."—Washington Star.

UNCROWNED QUEENS.

The princess of Wales and her daughter have taken up wood carving as a means of pleasant occupation.
Tim physicians of Mrs. Humphry Ward have ordered her to discontinue her literary labors for a long time.

Mrs. Dodge (Anna G. Peabody, formerly of Newburyport, Mass.) is a member of the Hawaiian board of education.

Mrs. Maria Lawrence, of Palmer, Mass., has obtained a position as a member of the fire department of the town.

Mrs. M. H. Evans, of Waterville, Va., has carried the mail between Waterville and Temperanceville, eighteen miles, for the last six years.

Dr. Livingston's sister, Miss Agnes Livingston, died recently, aged seventy-one. Like her brother, she was for many years a missionary in Africa.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DISTANCE from earth to moon, 238,855 miles.
VELOCITY of light, 186,327 miles per second.
The polar currents contain less salt than those from the equator.

It is estimated that two years are required for the gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

The proportion of salt in sea water is largest where the water is deepest, but does not increase with the depth.

The ocean hydrae have no heart, no lungs, no liver, no brains, no nervous system, no organs save mouth and skin.

FREE!

To Christian Endeavorers—Pocket Guide and Map of Boston, the Convention City.
The Passenger Department of the Big Four Route have issued a very convenient and attractive Pocket Guide to the City of Boston which will be sent free of charge to all members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor who will send three recent stamps to cover mailing charges to the undersigned. This Pocket Guide should be in the hands of every member of the Society who contemplates attending the 14th Annual Convention, as it shows the location of all Depots, Hotels, Churches, Institutes, Places of Amusement, Prominent Buildings, Street Car Lines, Etc., Etc. Write soon as the edition is limited.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Big Four Route, Cincinnati, O.

MILLOSAURUS—"Honestly, my son, is always the best policy." His Son—"Well, maybe it is, father; but still you don't pretty well."—Tit Bits.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS.

March 25th and April 2nd.
On the above dates, the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route have arranged to sell Excursion tickets to points in Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana at the very low rate of \$2.00 (fare plus \$2.00) for the round trip. Tickets good to return within 60 days, with privilege of stopping off at twenty days. For further information in regard to rates, descriptive and illustrated pamphlets, land and mail folders, (Mailed Free), enquire of Ticket Agents constituting this Company's Agents, or H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Louis.

BIGGS—"There are very few poor men in the senate nowadays." Diggs—"Yes, but there are plenty of mighty poor senators."—Life.

Leaves

Glistening in the rays of the noonday sun are beautiful exceedingly, but if one of them were thrust down your back how you would shudder. This is precisely what you do when the premonitory chill of fever and ague comes on. This is the time to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a "knocker out" of every form of malaria; also of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

THE ONWARD MARCH



of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage, of cure, and to believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians. The photographs of a large number of these cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 150 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experiences. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

ONE WAS ENOUGH.—Policeman (grabbing offender by the collar)—"Hold on, there. Hold on." Offender—"What for? Ain't you trying to get me out of here?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE GREAT GERMAN COFFEE BERRY. Coffee at one cent a pound, that is what it costs to grow it, good coffee, too. Some say that it is better than Rio. This we know, while in Europe last summer in search of seed novelties we often drank this in hotels in France, Holland and Germany.

Thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds, \$1.00, not 3 cents per package. Largest growers of farm seeds as oats, grass and clover, corn and potatoes, etc., in the world. Early heavy yielding vegetables our specialty.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH 15c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free a package of their GERMAN COFFEE BERRY seed and their catalogue. [S]

A KENSINGTON youth who had been told that a certain young lady's father had plenty of dough proposed to her before he discovered that the old man was a baker.—Philadelphia Record.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by using the natural remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a running sound of imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O.
"Sold by Druggists, or by Mail, to the Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents."

Miss Quip (at each table)—"Will you raise my hand?" Phil (this last: leap year)—"No, but still you don't pretty well."—Tit Bits.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs.

Hale's Tonic and Drops cure in one minute.

The man who is always impugning the motives of others simply advertises what he would do if he had their opportunities.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think PISO'S CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

...CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP... TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

DRESSMAKERS W. L. DOUGLAS

FIND THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS IN—L'Art de La Mode.

8 Colored Plates, Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIEN ARTISTS.

Order it of your New Dealer or send 35 cents for latest number to THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO., 3 East 19th St., NEW YORK.

CLOVER SEED

Largest growers of Grass and Clover Seeds in the world. Seed now in April will give a growing crop in July. Prices of Grass and Clover Seeds for the year 1905. Write for Catalogue and prices. Send 10c for a copy of the 1905 Catalogue. Address: W. L. DOUGLAS, 100 N